

Bleed

Young M.A

Four years later, they still sleeping on me
And I ain't gotta get the strap, because I keep it on me
It's crazy how I got a big dick without a dick
It's Young M.A., don't ever let that name come out your lips
I'm the big goon, I send my goonies to your crib, and you can die inside your living room
If gettin' money mean you dumb, well fuck it then, I been a fool
And I ain't just go and get the food, I built the kitchen too
I'd rather be inside some pussy, than do this interview
Little gay nigga, hoes been on me since like middle school
Break up with a bitch, by next week I won't remember you
Just because I put it in, don't mean I'm into you
In them foreign countries with them foreign chicks
Foreign whip, foreign food, foreign shoes, just a bunch of foreign shit
Niggas wildin' out in Paris
Caught, 'Are you recording this?'
Put 200,000 on my balance just for talkin' shit
Fuckin' up a tour and shit
Rem handle the important shit
It's funny how haters throwin' shots, but they ain't callin' it
Clear the way, make room, please excuse
That's a real nigga walking in (wooh)

Huh? This M.A., bitch, ugh
You got something on your mind, then say that shit
We kingpins, this is not a playpen
In other words, we don't play that shit
M.A. 'bout to drop, better play that shit
Hoes love me, them niggas hate that shit
They be like "Ooh, I hate that bitch"
Ooh, but ain't they broke? And, ain't I rich?

Ooh, ooh, shake 'em off
Niggas wasn't on they job, had to lay 'em off
A nigga wasn't on his job, had to break her off
Three words for these hoes, "Take it off"
Ooh, drop panties, no hands please
She don't need Plan B's
She pop Xanny's like it's candy
That's why she antsy, but she nasty
And I'm a thoroughbred nigga with a attitude
It's Young M.A., make sure the 'M' and 'A is capital
Being broke is a joke, that's why I'm never in a laughing mood
Always got the track clickin' like some tapping shoes
It was either get rich, or die, I had to choose
'Get Rich or Die Trying,' Curtis Jackson move
Bipolar, can't control her, keep a tool with me
Strap across my shoulder, 'cause my mind is like a bag of screws

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Flex, ooh, Hercules
In this motherfuckin' booth, leavin' third degrees
Cookin' crack up in that stu', I gotta serve the fiends
Hop in that Maybach, tell the driver, "Um, curtains please"
Rich and filthy, still rock silkies, red most certainly
Black and blue, that green one too, just copped that burgundy
I swear I tried to change my ways, but it ain't work for me
Fuck a bitch, 'cause currently my mood is currency
And I'm sippin' Hennessy
Make sure it's Privilège please
I'm countin' up, she said 'How much?'
I said 'Infinity'
If I don't come for you, aye, do not send for me
'Cause I will pop this brand new Glock
Take her virginity (crr)
Big pimpin' spendin' G's
What I look like trickin' on a bitch?
That ain't did shit for me
Keep bein' my vicinity without abilities
All you haters, hold my nuts and suck my dignities (sheesh)